THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, GEORGE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1629.

Choice Poetry.

DO RIGHT.

Awake, oh soul! thy hours are fleeting
Thy life is rapidly completing
Time with eternity is meeting
Soon comes the night!
Thy servitude at last will come
According to thy deeds thy doom—
Do right! do right!

Though clouds thy firmament o'ersp read
And tempests have crossed thy head
Though life in greatest foliage shed
In summer's light!
And though thy holy hopes and fears
Be turned 'mong the withering years
Do right! do right!

The warring elements' mad wrath
With nether arms and the whirlwind's path
The valley and the whole of death
Need not affright!
For Unity's calm, commanding form
With mother arms shall clasp the storm—
Do right, do right!

Paint not in all the weary strife!
Th ugh every day with toil be rife.
Work is the element of life
Action is light!
For man is made to toil and strive
And only virtue is labor true,
Do right, do right!

Life is not all a fleeting dream,
A narrow flash a restless gleam
A bubble on the flowing stream
Soon lost in night!
For there's a work for every hour
In every passing word a power—
Do right, do right!

Oh! life is full of solemn thought
And noble deeds, if nobly wrought
With thankful consciousness
And these it might
If gathered in each passing hour,
That gives the soul immortality power—
Do right, do right!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Discarded Daughter," "The Children of the Abbey," "Retribution," "Shannondale," "The Deserted Daughter," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CATASTROPHE.

To die and theirs! and wherefore?
Byron.

Heaven knows that it is now difficult enough for a poor woman to make a living. But in the days when Alice Darrell lived, it was ten times worse. It was especially hard in Virginia, where, on the aristocratic principle of the law of entail, the rich were very rich, and the poor very poor. Where, besides, ladies took pride in their domestic and industrious habits, the favorite and most inveterate of which was that of doing their own sewing. Especially of the poor widow and orphan, who might be suffering for the want of the work. It was for such reasons that Alice Darrell, in the first place, had pitched—as most of the females there she knew did—upon sewing for her living as the most genteel—if not the most lucrative—occupation for a lady. "The ladies of the house do all the family sewing." All very well, in a republican country, where all were considered equal, when it does not compromise notice and mercy—they do more not kinder or so—"step and let live." Let us be different in our several callings; but for Heaven's sake, if we can possibly afford it, let us not be obliged to work for those who need, or who ask it of us. They may be willing to pay for the sewing, and they may be willing for it, as Zuleime was. But there must be spheres to vary, according to want of it, as Zuleime was not, thank Heaven. Render, then portion of my story at least is no fiction. Not was Zuleime's case then a singular one. Nor would it be that now. There are many poor women in every state, who have not work enough to earn their necessary food and fuel. And this is one of the causes—There are hundreds of ladies, of the middle classes of society, who work themselves nearly to death, and really should work them, if, by reason of their large families, in order to save money to lay out in dress for themselves and children, more generous than needful—if, in short, they thought they do not live very long to enjoy. And all this time there are hundreds of poor women around them suffering for a part of this very work with which they are killing themselves. Yes, hundreds die for want of the very employment by which they are killing you. It is terrible, but it is true. Heaven forgive us for it, according to their relative strength of constitution. I know it. For I have lived among them, and many of them have died under my own roof. Seamstresses call the wind, of which they die, consumption—I think it is rather an unconsumption. Zuleime died deeper and deeper into poverty. As Autumn advanced into Winter, and as her resources in sewing for others began to supply them decreased. Her poverty began to betray itself sadly in her personal appearance. Her dress was clean, but was, with great, bright, hungry looking eyes—her hands washed to a transparency—her face thin and pale—her head bombazine, was rusty and threadbare, and embossed with dates—her shoes were so bad as to be absolutely dreaded. And all over her other troubles, there was room for humiliated feelings upon even the most remote occasions. Zuleime had some luxurious habits. She had heard of people partaking from cold and hunger, and was afraid that she should have the like, when light make it seemed tending. Yet miserable even as the condition of Zuleime, there were many there, by many more. Many who would have died, but at least was starving in a tolerably clean room, in a decent dress, and with a good appetite—than some who perish in the midst of vice and filth and squalor. Yes, more than one—hundreds! Did you need one fact—I know you could not think of anything more horrible—I will tell you one fact more.

"At least, I only mean your good, and if I err, you will forgive me."

"Indeed, Zuleime, I am used to all the hardness and vulgarity against which a woman has to battle in the world. I can, I will, I must struggle through the rough world. Now think of that. And that which whether I can be hurt by nothing that you can say to me, or do to me. So you shall be very grateful!"

"Well, this is it, then, my dear. I have not been able to procure any more fruitless efforts to maintain yourself and child, for the last three months. I fear you have scarcely made five shillings a week."

"I have not made that for the last month."

"And there seems to be no chance of doing better—with your needle, I mean."

"Ah, no, no."

"And your situation is getting worse every day. Poor child! your very shoes are almost gone—there—forgive me. I have spoken rudely."

"No, no—you have spoken the truth in love. Any truth can be told in the spirit of love."

"And you are wasting away—you will be thinner upon your bed—than what will be come of your child?"

"Alas, God knows! If we both could die—"

"Yes, if you both could. Death is no evil at all." As the actress said this, her hollow, studdowy face grew dark, and her large, luminous eyes gleamed coldly, and fell upon the floor—fixed in an intense, suffering, almost querulous gaze, as if of one enduring pain. "It must come sharply at last," she said, looking up, suddenly. "My dear, have you any immediate prospect of a respectable place in London for yourself?"

Startled by the abruptness of the proposition, Zuleime raised her eyes to the beautiful, dark, irritated countenance before her, without replying.

"You don't understand me. Well, then, to put it plainer—If nothing better at all could be found for you, would you absolutely refuse to go upon the stage?"

Zuleime had understood her very well, and if she still hesitated, it was from a reluctance to wound the pride of the actress.

"Do you, then, consider the histrionic profession disreputable?" asked Mrs. Knight, with some suffering, yourselves, almost to expression of the eyes.

"No," said Zuleime, very gently, "I do not. Not the profession that Mrs. Siddons ennobled. I think it truly

"The youngest of the sister arts
Where all their beauties blend."

"Well, then, my question—Would you object to going on the stage yourself?"

"I am not fit for it," replied Zuleime, evasively.

"I do not know that. I need not tell you that you are young not pretty, and singularly graceful—also that you have a very fine face for singing—three form a very good foundation. And in elocution, my dear, I would myself be considered a competent judge. Will you try?"

"That you are kinder to me than any one has ever been since I left home: and that I am very, very grateful," Zuleime said, very gently.

"But that you despise the calling too thoroughly to follow it, even for bread," said the actress, bitterly.

"Indeed, I did not say or mean that, indeed—but, I, you are, have neither the taste, talent, nor temperament requisite"

"Why not?"

"I was brought up in the privacy of domestic life, and have been taught to look upon the stage as a profession which I never knew much in society, much less to embrace, and I am sure, that no matter how well I might be instructed in my part, when I should come before an audience, I should forget it all—I should, and half die of shame."

"Ah, I suppose you have no vocation for it. An actress forgets her own identity in that of the being she represents, and thus realizes her part better to go through things she could not otherwise endure. But, my dear, I do not see any thing else you can do: and as for the stage fright, that is so called among us, you would soon get that off."

Zuleime shook her head.

"My dear, you do not yet know the plan I have for you. I never thought—no one would dream that I could—of making you a public singer. Nothing but great genius, strong vocation, and perfect self-possession on the part of the debutante will do that. Simply such a face as I have and such a figure as you have, will do. Now, but that last shall be lost, and the last shall be first." And then the actress fell into a stage, and her fine countenance lost that look of copious self-confidence, and settled into the histrionic expression.

Zuleime never sp ke. Mrs. Knight laid her hand, and said, gently,

"My dear, this is not what I have proposed to you. If you decide to accept my proposition, I will take every possible care of you. You shall be as my own daughter. I will shield you from all dangers. I will instruct you in your art. And I will give you the benefit of my wardrobe. Good-night. Will you kiss me?"

And she drew Zuleime to her bosom. The poor girl pressed her lips to those of the actress, and slipping from the door, passed up to the dark and cold to her own room.

Ida went to bed, but the poor, generous, intelligent child could not sleep for sympathy, for anxiety, and for the mental and physical perturbation of Zuleime. She could not sleep for the loud talking and laughing of a number of female visitors of Mrs. Knight. Could not sleep for the sound of the piano, and the singing, and the occasional bursts of applause, as other acts are—slowly. That is the truth. And so, at last, she entirely precludes the possibility of a stage fright, since you are gradually inured to it. Do you understand me?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, the instance—and to come to the point! The opera season is about to commence, and the manager wishes to engage about half-a-dozen young ladies as chorus singers. Will you be one? The lowest salary they ever give a chorus singer is six dollars a week—that is four times as much as you ever earned by the stitches you have made. Will you consent?"

Still Zuleime was silent.

"After the opera season is over, I make no doubt that your youth, beauty and grace, and your very fine voice will secure you a permanent engagement at an advanced salary. Will you accept?"

"And you need not fare them! You would be in a group of young girls, and no one would notice you, except casually as a part of the scene. The attention of the audience is taken up with the principal performers. Besides, no one will know you. Your pretty name need not appear upon the bills. I will take every care of your feelings, if, indeed, you can be sensible of them when hunger and cold are felt."

"I do not like the life," said Zuleime. "I feel almost certain that I could not."

The actress arose and rang the bell.

"Oh! it is nothing to me, Mrs. Fairfax. Do you think, my dear, I have no anxiety in the matter? I serve in persuading you to the step," she said, with the cold, stern, querulous look on her haughty face, and in her beautiful dark, gray eyes.

Bertha came in and cleared away the table.

Mrs. Knight walked up and down the room in a hasty, irritated manner.

"Bertha, will I see you well again! I am sick of my holiday already! Since I cannot afford to abandon this hateful art, I wish I were always at work. The attention of the audience is taken up with the principal performers. Besides, no one will know you. Your pretty name need not appear upon the bills. I will take every care of your feelings, if, indeed, you can be sensible of them when hunger and cold are felt."

"I do not like the life," and

also the misfortune to look much younger even than I am; say then how—

"Have like a pretty gift than a man's," said Bostin, laughing, with a distinctly puzzling expression.

I did not think, as I should probably have done, had I met her for the same thing. It was not that there was still in all my relished the bodied passion of a man, that caused me to turn pale, to feel my heart thump, and, beneath me, and to contract my brain with an expression of pain that no self-command could conceal.

But the fact of the matter was that I had not my head to look, and the pressing it in a way that caused me the most delicious thrill of enjoyment, and, in a very different tone, and with a look that penetrated me with all my strength passingly: "Percy, I think Archibald, at your age, must have been what you are now, a combination of the beauty of a woman and the soul of a man."

Somebody had Boston uttered these perilously fascinating words, then I had clasped her lovely form to my heart in an embrace of frantic delight, and pressed upon her lips a kiss that would not be torn from with repine. As we other instead I was at her feet. I looked up—She was trembling from head to foot. Her eyes were retreating in tears. Her mild nothing, she seized my graphy, one more passionate embrace, and as fast outside of the room before I could to put on an indifferent aspect, and join the astonished guests in the drawing-room. Henceforward our eyes might be viewed as a telegraph.

And now, laugh who will at what follows—

Years of peril, vicissitude, and wild adventure lie between me and that hour. I yet shudder to recall its eventful moments. On entering the drawing-room I met face to face a newly arrived guest. Almost petrified with horror, I recognized—Doctor Whyphan. I saw, too, with the same glance, that he, too, had recognized me. Exposure was inevitable. Of consequences I did not lose my presence of mind. I tried the only chance I had.

"Doctor," said I, shaking him by the hand, and speaking in an under tone, "silence!—silence!—at least at my pleasure!"

But the schoolmaster either would not or could not understand me; probably the latter, as he was a man of hearty and obtuse intellect. He stared at me for a moment in stupid astonishment; then burst out in a tone that was audible from one end of the room to the other:

"What! you here! So I've caught you at last, Master Darkness, have I? Your relations have been hard enough to find, I can tell you, you young villain! Ha, ha! gentlemen and ladies, would you believe it? this is one of my boys who ran away, some six or seven months ago, from my school. Well! this is a fine reunion! His relations have offered £5 each as reward for his recovery. Excuse me, your lordship, but here, in the name of Sejtis and Cherybdis, did this boy come here?"

I did not regard the supercilious smiles and broad grins of the three astonished men, all of radiant with infernal curiosity and enjoyment of the ridiculous scene. I turned, however, to the one in need, with a proud and calm air, towards Boston. She was laughing—yes, laughing aloud at my hideous dismemberment! As her eyes encountered my look of eternal reproach, she burst into a yet more outrageous fit of laughter.

We were always a fierce and violent race, we of the Dartmoor family. A man darkened by a fearful crime was in a legendary fashion. And now all the blackness of hell seemed concentrated in my heart.

"Dog!—idiot!" I cried savagely, "what is the meaning of this farce—this incomprehensible insolence? Apologize at once, and choose other subjects for your jests in future."

"Oh, indeed!" said the schoolmaster. "oh, indeed! you call me dog and idiot, do you?—Wait till I see your father, or till I get you back to school, and have you flogged as you deserve. Only let me—"

At this moment, the coarse speaker was interrupted in his diatribe by a blow on the head from the polished of a massive bronze statuette, which in my fury I had seized and wielded as if it had been a mere bamboo cane. Amid a general cry of horror, the Doctor fell senseless to the ground, and a stream of blood from his fractured skull began to form an ominous pool upon the carpet. I was quite restrained from repeating the blow by the united efforts of the bystanders.

The next day I awoke in the county gaol.

Some weeks elapsed. The schoolmaster did not die. He only became a lunatic, which, to my fury I had seized and wielded as if it had been a mere bamboo cane. Amid a general cry of horror, the Doctor fell senseless to the ground, and a stream of blood from his fractured skull began to form an ominous pool upon the carpet. I was quite restrained from repeating the blow by the united efforts of the bystanders.

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 Sansom Street, above Third,

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OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Vivia:

CLARA MORELAND,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the entertainment of our numerous patrons—composed in a great degree of the choicest novelties that appear in the London PENNY PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GEMS OF NEWS, GOSSIP and SCIENCE, &c., &c., &c.—localizing it as reasonable expense to suit to the wishes and tastes of our readers, and make them worthy of a first-class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News

FOREIGN NEWS.

Lord Hastings has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army, in place of the late Duke of Wellington.

The Earl of Derby intimates, that the funeral of the Duke will take place as early as possible after the meeting of Parliament, which will take us to rear beside those of Lord Nelson, in the Cathedral of St. Paul.

The distribution of the honors and offices held by the late Duke, in addition to the command of the army, being given to Lord Hardinge, Lord Fitzroy Somerset will be appointed as Master-General of Ordnance, and Prince Albert has been appointed Colonel of the Scots Fusileer Guards.

The steamer Piranus arrived at Southampton, from Chagres, with $1,500,000 in gold dust. The ship Brilt was also at Cork, with the same amount.

An advertisement appears in the London papers, for the formation of a Joint Stock Company for working gold mines in Australia.

The wheat crops, on the whole, would be under the average in quantity, while the quality in most instances would be inferior.

The Admiralty have ordered an expedition to the Lofoten Islands was creating much uneasiness among the dealers in Russian and Swedish oil and tallow. Fears of a collision were beginning to be entertained.

On the 27th, cotton between middling and fair was sold at 5½d per lb., and middling at 5d per lb., but good, and Indian Corn was firm.

The Duke of Wellington's funeral was unobtrusive even attending another line of 20,000 men.

In the Scotch districts the demand for hands was considerable.

HAVRE 14th Sept.—Count Ludolf's Turkish jubilee in the London Morning Advertiser several letters which he has received to Havre, accusing him of the murder of thirteen distinguished Hungarians, and asking perhaps satisfaction of Hayneau. The Count says:—An individual who, after having committed the crimes of General Haynau, and having been treated as he has been everywhere—an individual who has been insulted, cudgelled, spat upon, and covered with every shame, is still capable, after all his excesses, of refusing the last satisfaction which honor demands, deserves no more than I should bother him, at a distance, by the publication of his letters.

In his speech at Leeds, President Napoleon said:—"I have the Vive Empereur! I confess my heart more than my pride. I am the servant of my country, and I am only ambitious to be useful, and to re-establish her. It is difficult for me to say more at present than I have said. If the humble title of President will serve best, I do not desire to change it for that of Emperor."

Advices from St. Helena state that the Americans brig War: Adeline, while in the river Congo, was attacked by the native inhabitants, but when the English brig-of-war Dolphin went to her assistance, the natives were driven from the shot and shell, dispersed the assailants, and rescued the vessel.

Two German emigrant agents have made a contract with the Prussian Government Steam Company for the transport, over their road, of 10,000 emigrants to Hamburg, at the rate of one a-ton of five pence.

The trial of the pirate apprehended at the Bahiot Penzhadon on last year—you will remember that they were captured in the act of conveying to kill the President with an infernal machine, died in prison. Before his death, he said to themselves, if it had been discharged,—"some of the crowd would be killed, and the murderer have been condemned to imprisonment, but I should be free, and I would go to my home and to find a wife and children, and be happy for a thousand years. On hearing their sentence, the prisoners rose and shouted, in a voice that *Vive le Republique*.

An interesting sensation occurred to entertain the Prince President, was seized at Marseilles. It is thought that they are the persons concealed there.

The conspiracy to murder the President, it was believed, was extended through *Prince* Lei, and was not confined to the Red Republican and socialist Socialists. Over one hundred well known wicked leaders had been arrested, and charged with being engaged in the conspiracy.

The military force assembled in Paris on Sunday and fifty gun barrels, headed with fifteen hundred bullets, a hundred cartridges, and charged with grape shot. This battery, if fired during the progress of the review, would have completely swept away the President and his attendants.

The London Times, on the authority of letters from Paris, states that the Emperor is bent towards the consummation of the Empire will probably take place about the 15th of November, when, on the President's return, the Tones decree will be published to the army, and the extraordinary convocation of the Senate.

The ship Mazon, of Quebec, was struck by lightning off the Island of Malta, and consequently destroyed by fire. Her crew escaped in boats.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE CORNWALL AND MANCHESTER RAILROAD.—The recent accident on the Cornwall and Manchester Railroad, in Berks county, N. H., was one of the most serious which has occurred on that road for several years. It resulted in the death of six persons, besides seriously injuring a number more. It was caused by two trains, going in the same direction, being thrown on the same track, and stopping on the bridge to allow the conductor time to notify the engineer of the train being overtaken.

The scene was most blood-curdling. The groans of the wounded, and the shrieks of the women and children, as they discovered among their husbands, parents or friends, and were ignorant of their fate, was heart-rending in the extreme—the time that the cars, which had been pushed to the edge of the bank, and overturned, turned over, might fall into the water below and would be drowned. Some of the cars were left hanging over the bridge, and were only prevented from falling into the water by the couplings. The scene which imagination may picture, but pen cannot describe.

Shortly after the crash, immediately stripped off his coat, and rendered efficient aid to the wounded and sufferers. His cool and self-possessed orders and exertions were observed by all, and the rescuing many unharmed who otherwise might have injured themselves by leaving the cars.

The escape of the passengers in one of the cars was most miraculous. Although all the seats in the car were broken to pieces, not one person was seriously injured, whilst in the car directly before it, and in the one that followed it, hardly a person escaped injury, and the terrible mutilation of some is dreadful.

DEATH OF GEN. SUTHERLAND.—Gen. Thomas Jefferson Sutherland, died at the Iowa mission, in Nebraska Territory, on the 14th ult. The deceased was a prescient pioneer, and at different periods a Major, paymaster, Colonel, Brigadier, Lieutenant under General Simeon Bolivar, in South America, and was for a number of years distinguished battles between the Spanish and Republican armies, and was also a member of the Senate. He had also travelled in Italy and Asia Minor—and was a leading man in the Canadian Rebellion, during which he was taken prisoner and detained eighteen months.

TRAIN AT THE WAYE.—A day of two since, a horse, attached to a chaise, belonging to Dr. McGowan, was passing over the railroad at Swan Street, by the Old Colony cars, and plunging into the river. The horse was drowned, and the chaise broken to pieces.

Great Tunnel.—A tunnel, six thousand feet in length, with two thousand feet of side cuttings, is about to be constructed at Cincinnati, for the benefit of all the railroads approaching from the Ohio side. The hills to the upper part of the city are two hundred feet above the level of the plain.

FROM HAVANA.—The steamer Black Warrior, from Havana, brings intelligence of the sentencing of Sig Parcoul, the publisher of the "Voice of the People," and states that the author of the communication was also sentenced with grist, that she died the following day.

POLITICAL NEWS.

DEATH.—Senator Whitcomb, of Indiana, died in New York on Monday evening week. He was formerly Governor of Indiana, and succeeded Mr. Hannegan in the U. S. Senate.

DELAWARE.—The Whigs have carried all the three counties. The majority in the State is 411—a gain of about 200 from last year.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Coalition Democrats and Free Soilers of Norfolk County, in this State, have agreed upon a Union ticket for Senator, composed of two Free Soilers and one Democrat. In the Third District, the Coalitionists have combined on Mr. Underhill for Congress, and Caleb Huston for Electors.

MISSOURI.—Governor Edwards, Dem., was elected Speaker in the Senate by 2 majority—and Mr. Bowlin, in the House by 9 majority. This would seem to show a Whig majority of 6 on joint ballot, though two Whigs are absent from a full attendance of members. A telegraphic account of the vote in the Missouri Senate has decided the contest—at least in that body in favor of Mr. Benton. The Democratic majority, thus insuring to the Democrats a majority on joint ballot.

KENTUCKY.—Gen. Lane's Free Soil candidate for the Vice Presidency, is speaking in Kentucky with Mr. R. M. Clay. They denounce all the Whig and Democratic candidates, and support the Free Soil ticket, because of their support of the Fugitive Slave Law.

TENNESSEE.—Governor Trousdale.—The House Committee appointed to investigate the charges against Governor Corwin, in reference to the Mexican Indemnity, made their report on the 7th, fully exculpating Mr. Corwin from all blame. Mr. Campbell, the accuser, to refund his ratable amount of $60,000, received by him for his interest in the claim—and he should be prevent from interfering.

THE UTAH JUDGES.—Perry E. Brocchus, one of the Judges who fled from Utah some time since, and resigned his office, has been re-elected in the Washington Union with a long letter, addressed to the people of the Administration, and denying its power to remove him. The Union gives him an extended notice, and says that, as the United States officers are guilty of misconduct in office, they are justly liable to be removed from office, and that the Mormons are not guilty.

TYPICAL MEETINGS.—Both Democrats and Whigs in Lobby large meetings all over the country, and there are but few that are not loyal to the usual campaign height. The details of these meetings, however, occupy too much space, and are of too little interest—having nothing peculiar about them—to warrant their publication in our columns. We only mention the fact, and leave our readers to form their own opinions.

On his passage from Cincinnati to Dayton, Mr. Clay was met at the depot at Hamilton and received with great enthusiasm—torch-light processions, cannon firing, &c. He was also received with great enthusiasm at Hamilton and Dayton, we take the two follow-ing extracts from the Dayton Journal not as political character. After expressing his gratitude for the kindness he had received, he said he was first nominated for the Presidency, and saying that he should be unworthy of the name if he the last declaration of his dying lips, that his whole life had been spent in the service of his country, and that he was now willing to die. He had hardly burst about the arms, and on other parts of the body, and was carried off in a carriage.

CAMPBELL.—A band of camphene, in Groton, Massachusetts, took fire from a lamp which was being carried by Rebekah Ann Hall, and, after leaking in the cellar, and the air was so thoroughly impregnated with the camphene gas, that it ignited and spread over the whole cellar. Miss Hall was burned to death, and her parents are still frightful. At Newton, Lower Falls, Massachusetts, on the 22nd of September, the barn of Charles Rice 2nd, was assaulting the house of her father's house, having in her hand a lighted glass lamp, filled with burning fluid. The lamp was broken, and, breaking in the fall, and covering her dress, consumed of silk, with nothing on, but her clothes, which she ignited. She is badly burnt about the arms, and on other parts of the body, and was carried off in a carriage.

GOING TO "TIT."—A squash vine consumed grown in the garden of Mr. Lewis Tuttle, Carrier, of Hopkinton, about the middle of August, and by the 16th of September had attained the length of 252 feet. It bore fifteen respectable sized marrow squashes.—*Concord Reporter.*

WAS IT INTENDED OR ACCIDENT?—The Providence Journal furnishes the following singular story, which is most marvellous, though seemingly well authenticated:

A day or two since, a painter dog was trotting along the street, with a pail of paint in his mouth. He espied a number of boys upon the sidewalk. The temptation was too much for the dog, and straightway started off at a rapid pace, apparently in pursuit of its owner. About this time, Dr. Reid-knight, a well known allopathic homœopathic physician in this city, happened to be riding along in a chaise in front of the What Cheer building. Suddenly, the frightened dog unceremoniously mounted the carriage, and deposited his prize at the doctor's feet. On examination, it was found that the case contained a variety of homœopathic medicines.

What readers the affair more related somewhat mysterious, is the fact that the dog who is the hero of the tale, was a perfect stranger to Dr. McKnight.

BETTER.—Says the New York Evening Post of Friday week: "Letters from the country say that the produce of butter this season will be a third less than is usual, and that quantities of it are bought up by dealers with the view of keeping in their own hands the supply of the city market. The following is the process to purchase sparingly at present, inasmuch as the demand will, and the price is likely to be lower. At present the pastures are full of the rich grass of a second growth, the cattle fine, the rains, and if we should have a fine October, a large addition will be made to the stock of butter on hand. The dairymen who trade cheese can also increase their business, but must attend to the making of butter, with an expectation of a more profit from it than they have realized.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS CHARACTER.—Foreign journals announce the death, at Windsor, on the coast of Africa, of the Portuguese Da Souza, known under the appellation of the King of Dahomey. He was the agent of the King of Dahomey for many years, during the suppression of the negro slave trade, and was the last of the notable slave dealers, supported that monarch in the traffic which would else have failed. The King believed him immensely rich; but when he died he was found to be a comparative pauper, and for some time previous had been in fear of absolute want. He was described as a most miserable man of management in his business, and was frequently in debt. He was 80 years old, until he lost the confidence of all who traded with him.

FEATS OF MENTAL CALCULATION.—The Zurich Gazette gives an account of the wonderful calculating powers of Mr. Alexander Aitken, of Dunedin, New Zealand, who is about to become the possessor of the important Gallipagos Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. Among the instances of his wonderful powers are the following:—He was asked to multiply 7,654,321 by 7,654,321, and gave the product, 58,593,652,994,241, without any apparent effort. He was asked to multiply the square of seventy-one figures, which he immediately commenced the figures at the other end, and gave the result correctly in seventy-one figures.

EMIGRANT ARRIVALS.—The Paris correspondent of the Journal Des Oesterreichischen Lloyds, states that the Emperor is about to become the possessor of the important Gallipagos Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. Among the instances of his wonderful powers are the following:—He was asked to multiply 7,654,321 by 7,654,321, and gave the product, 58,593,652,994,241, without any apparent effort. He was asked to multiply the square of seventy-one figures, which he immediately commenced the figures at the other end, and gave the result correctly in seventy-one figures.

ALMANAC.

Oct.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON'S WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
1852				
16 Saturday	6 30	5 27	1 54	
17 Sunday	6 32	5 25	3 04	
18 Monday	6 33	5 24	4 14	
19 Tuesday	6 34	5 23	5 24	
20 Wednesday	6 35	5 22	6 34	Last Q. 8 56 M
21 Thursday	6 36	5 21	7 44	New M. 8 56 M
22 Friday	6 39	5 20	10 28	First Q. 4 34
23 Saturday	6 40	5 19	11 38	Full M. 4 34

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct. 7	61	65	68
8	61	66	66
9	61	70	73
10	63	70	73
11	63	70	73
12	64	65	70

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 7th of Sept. in the German Reformed Church, Lancaster, by the Rev. Dr. Berg, the Rev. A. G. Daw, W. D. C. Hoffman, A. B. of Lancaster, to Miss Sarah Ann Hoffman, daughter of Mr. Jacob Hoffman, of Lancaster.

On the 14th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, Mr. Thomas Bacon, to Miss Emily Ann Bacon, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bacon, all of this city

Selected Poetry.

HARVEST TIME.

God's blessing upon the reaper—all day long
A quiet sense of peace my spirit fills,
As wholesale fragrance of mellow'd song
Blend with the rush of sickles on the hills.
And the low wild whisper—green leaves of harvest
Are brightly tinged with the golden shadows!

Where straight and sere stand the new furrows in.
The rent stalks in their sunny beauty droop
Heaven's loving smile upon man's industry
Makes beautiful with plenty like a hope.
The barns be penned but with new-made hay I see
And red bird across them quick flashes by and is not!

In the east thicker the red suns creep,
And merrily before the mower's scythe
Chirps the old grasshopper—and the robin shrilly
swings
In the orange evening as the willow lake:
And clouds sail softly through the upper mirror,
While on the bosom of the smiling heaven
Contentedly beneath the venerable trees.
Coming his long, hard task, the school-boy lies,
And, like a fickle wooer, the light breeze
Kisses his brow: then scarcely sighing, dies
And all about him quiet and time stand
Pausing with honors the wild pasture land

Oh! these are moments when we half forget
The rough, harsh grooves of life in which we run!
And I believe the angels come down yet
And walk with men—as in the Olden time;
Bidding the heart away from woe and strife
To all hours of beauty from the time of life

And they are most welcome, with the breath
The beautiful provision of God's care,
Who's reapers sing under the golden sun,
And the brown meadows sweet the quiet air.
And yet, what never any with all the heart,
He good, my Father—ah! 'tis not good Thou art!

Selected Articles.

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A British officer, who was in the battle of New Orleans, mentions an incident of thrilling strangeness, and one very descriptive of the habit and character, many of whom marched to the defense of New Orleans, as volunteers in the army under the renowned Andrew Jackson.

We marched, said the officer, in a solid column of twelve thousand men, to direct fire upon the American defences. I belonged to the staff, and as we advanced, we watched through our glasses the position and arrangements of our enemy with that intensity an officer only feels when marching into the jaws of death, with the assurance that, while he thus offers himself as a sacrifice to the demands of his country, every action, be he successful or otherwise, will be judged with the most heartless severity.

It was a strange sight, that long column of cotton bales—a new material for breastworks, with the crowd of human beings behind it, their heads only visible above the line of cotton bales. We could distinctly see their long rifles laying over the bales, and the battery of General Coles directly in front, with its great mouth gaping toward us as we kept trained to devour us, and the position of General Jackson, with his staff around him. Just what attracted our attention most, was the figure of a tall man standing on the breast-work, erect as in limey-swallow, with buckskin leggins, and a broad-brimmed hat on, that fell around the face, almost concealing his features. He was standing in one of those picturesque and graceful attitudes peculiar to those natural men we'd here in the forests. The body rested on the left leg, and swayed with a curved line upward. The right arm was extended, the hand grasping the rifle near the muzzle, the butt of which rested near the top of his right foot, while the left hand he raised the rim of the hat from his eyes, and seemed gazing from beneath knowingly over our advancing column. The cannon of General Coffee had opened upon us, and each day through our ranks with dreadful slaughter, but we continued to advance, unwavering and cool, as if nothing threatened our progress.

The rear of cannon seemed to have no effect upon the figure standing on the cotton bales, but he seemed fixed and motionless as a statue. At last he moved, threw back the hat the rim over the crown with his left hand, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at our group. Our eyes were directed upon him. At whom had he selected his piece? But the distance was so great that we looked at each other and smiled. Where the rifle fired, and my right hand officer fell as noble looking a fellow as ever rode at the head of his regiment, fell dead. Another officer became passed a few moments, without noting the gun from his shoulder, then reloaded and resumed his former attitude. Throwing the hat rim over his eyes, and again holding it up with the left hand, he fixed his piercing gaze upon us, as if hunting out another victim. Once more the rifle was thrown back, and the gun raised to the shoulder. This time we did not smile, but cast short glances at each other, to see which is to be next dis-; and when again the rifle fired another one of us dropped to the earth. Then was something awful in marching on to certain death.

General Coffee's battery, and thousands of breast-work bales pouring out their fire, were not fire—there was a chance of escaping unwounded. Most of us had walked upon battle-field a hundred times more destructive without quailing; but to know that every time that rifle was levelled toward us, and its bullet sprang free the barrel, one of us must as surely fall: to see the gleaming ere flash in the deadly iron cannon, and see it rent nonfatuous, as if power upon a word, and know its effects. Except to see and the sparks fire to the fuel primed pan, the the messenger of death there unerringly as it goal—to know that, still unfelt, he was safe, careful.

I could see nothing but the tall figure standing on the breast-work. He seemed to grow phantom-like, higher and higher, seeming through the smoke the mysterious appearance of some great spirit. Again did he reload and discharge his rifle with the same unfailing aim, and it was with instinctive pleasure that I beheld, as we neared the American lines, the no phantom-ground gathered around and shed their sepulchral luster from my gaze. We lost the hero, and to my mind, the battle-day ceased. Contributed more to our defeat than any thing else; for while he continued to use sight, our retreat was drawn from our duties, and when at last we became embowered in the smoke, the work was complete: we were in utter confusion, and unable, in the extremity to restore order nor defeat to make any resistance.

So long as thousands and thousands of tides remain in the hands of the people, so long it seem come up from their childhood, and lay down upon the the tide, to let the center of a earth, to strike the first or one hundred and fifty yards in the most vital point, so long is there is a great proportion of the Republic safe. free as the wild breeze, knowing no master but their own choosing, knowing no law but that of right, and the honorable existence of mutual by intercourse. America is unconquerable. She is the strength of the civilized world, and those who they might drive them from the mountain to across the Alleghany Mountains, would not be able to subdue the free-souled hunter amongst the forests of the West.

Absence of Grace.—We have Sleepless Grimed slightly, and had occasional interviews with him on business matters, although not long ago was that his mind was diseased, and he heart seared towards him. He seemed to it like a solemn warning sight to see him there, an accompanying for the sake of boarding with A friend of ours met him on the street, and from friend for some important purpose of to providence. He stated his case, and received the prompt answer:

"I give you nothing."

"But," said friend, "consider the peculiar nature of this case," and he was about to explain them, when he was cut short with a shriek—

"I give you nothing."

Our friend was astonished and resolute, and felt that he ought to try and bring the old man to a sense of duty. Recognition to such selfishness as His suggested, therefore, to friend, that a little of his great wealth devoted to charity would bring a great reprieve of pleasure. And said:

"You have been greatly prospered and blessed in your efforts to gain property, and Providence has wonderfully favored your undertaking. Think how often that Providence has watched your ships safely across the ocean laden with wealth, and—"

"Yes," quickly interrupted the millionaire, "and this how often He blew him others. I give you nothing."—*New York Org.*

Manufacture of Screws.—Each screw passes through the hands of some ten or fifteen persons before it gets the finishing touch. Near by every part of the work is done by machinery, the forging by trip-hammery, the plain bar at first being passed through differently shaped dies until the groove is made along the back, and the screw receives its peculiar form. The head is also turned by machinery at a single turn of the segment of a wheel. When finished, they are boxed up in dozens in regard of size—the counting of the rogue and sending them abroad the screws being also done by machinery.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

DANGER FROM COMETS.

Comets, in the cool eye of modern science, are not without their terrors. Coming, as they often do, the paths of the planets in their progress to and from their perihelia, it cannot but be that they should now and then come in contact with one of these spheres. One, called Lexell's comet, passed close by the satellites of Jupiter, in 1769, and once again in 1779, so as to be deranged in its own course. It must, indeed, be observable change in the movements of the Jovian trio, being of too light a constitution for their system to run double time. It might nevertheless seriously affect the condition of the planet, or even of any animal life existing thereon. This very comet, on the 26th of June, 1770, passed the earth at a distance only one hundredth part of the sun. There is another, called Biela's, which revisits the sun every six years, or a little more; and this hasty travelling actually crossed our orbit, in 1832, only a month before we passed through the point in question! Somebody, whose name is grand appendix now in the Western sky, in March, 1847, would have discovered us in the tail, if we had been only a *fortnight* earlier at a particular place! Rather than starting, like the celestial economists! Now, to consider that an inner or eight comets have been observed telescopically in a single year, (1846), we must see that the chance of a collision of this kind is not quite so small as to be unworthy of regard. If it be true that there are thousands of comets, all of which make periodical visits to the near neighborhood of the sun, it must be evident that the bodily, being itself not fat, comparatively speaking, from that luminary, must be rather likely on occasion to a brush from one of these wanderers; and, indeed, the wonder is, that several thousand years should have elapsed without, as far as we know, any one such collision having taken place.

[Seeing that the solar or planetary system is formed by the physical and organic arrangements upon our planet, one is apt to think that the schemes of Providence must have been framed with a provision for the complete exclusion of such accidents. To allow of the sudden upfoaling of all this fair scene, which it has taken thousands of years to bring out in its full proportion, seems like a wanton destruction of valuable property, and we are not disposed to believe that such a thing could happen. But as to most at the same time remember, that our sense of what is proper and fitting is not measured as a regard to the earth alone, which is but a trifling atom in the universe. Who can tell what are the laws and principles by which matter and its mutations calmly? And assuredly, even though a whole solar system were here and there, now and then, to be remodelled in respect of all such arrangements as have been spoken of, it could not be supposed to be a very great event in the progress of the entire scheme, seeing that astronomy has taught us that the whole system as no more than particles in the dust-cloud, or grains of sand on the sea-shore. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to conclude that our mere abhorrence of so much destruction is not to be considered as a reason for our belief that for anything we can see of the plans of Providence, an entanglement of our globe with a comet might not take place any day, with consequences incalculably damaging, for the meantime, though not immediately destructive. Comets perhaps necessary as a step towards an improved system of things,—the bringing in of what Benjamin calls "a new and better world."

In the frame of mind which those speculations will induce—not very generally allowed much in extraordinary contingencies, yet not insensible to the existence of the thought of what may come upon us, even before our livingcrew,—itscientists, and not necessarily unpleasant to consider what might be the effect of a comet striking directly on the earth. We know not what comets are composed of, but we certain that they consist of some palpable matter, however diffused, for they observe the rules of motion in their regulations with the sun. On the whole, the most plausible supposition as to their composition is, that they consist chiefly of water, vapor or cloud, of great density. How like, for example, to the dashing of a cloud, is the spluttering into the air, which the sun occasionally observes in them! Well, if they be clouds, the coming of one into contact with our earth, would probably likely deposit with us an immense addition to our stock of water. It would be instantaneous, or nearly so. Only think of a sudden fall of water sufficient to raise the ocean a hundred feet, and submerge all parts of the land which were less than that height above the present level! Such a thing would come to pass by a fearful abridgement of our continents: all big islands would be made little; and many little islands would be made big. The sea-water would be so swept by the flood, that scarcely any thing living would survive the universal change. All animals and moving things would be engulfed. In a few minutes the whole, chattering, bustling world would be stilled in universal death. What a settlement of t quen. had found under a different dispensation! What a command of silence!

TRAVELLING IN SWEDEN.

"Beta," the foreign correspondent of the *Maryland Agriculturist*, in a recent letter, gives the following description of the mode of travelling in Sweden:

"The travelling system in Sweden is a very peculiar one. No carriages are furnished except in mail coaches, which are rare, without springs, so that it would be better for one to travel on a load of rails your own carriage with you, and this must be furnished to the horses with a large part of grass from the side beneath it, but also with a full set of blacksmith's tools, to be ready for any of the numerous breakdowns that occur. Except in one of the large towns, no horses are kept in readiness, but when a traveller arrives they are sought from the peasants living in the vicinity, who are obliged to furnish them whenever their convenient it may be. But they are allowed to keep the traveller waiting three hours, at the rate to pass over more than the stations that judge himself. Had you not, madam, better come and take a seat upon the bench?"

"No, sir, I thank you. I really think there are odd enough women already."—*Canadian.*

Rush's Application of the Office of Post Laureate, Vacant at the Death of Pye. Poet Laureate.—Hardly a month's hours of idleness on no hands, and being an adept at versification, a would not be unacceptable to the Post Office. The learned author of Blackstone was supported on his right and left by his worthy coadjutors, when Mrs. F. waved up to give evidence.

"Take off your bonnet, madam."

"I had rather not, sir."

"But, madam, I insist upon it; take off your bonnet, I say."

"In public assemblies, sir, women generally cover their heads. such is the custom elsewhere, and I feel safe in my bonnet."

"Do you hear that, gentlemen? She pretends to know more about the customs than the judge himself! Had you not, madam, better come and take a seat upon the bench?"

"No, sir, I thank you. I really think there are odd enough women already."—*Canadian.*

Judicial Dignity.—The following controversation is said to have occurred between a countryman old lady and a certain grandson presiding judge of the court. The learned judge of Blackstone was supported on his right and left by his worthy coadjutors, when Mrs. F. waved up to give evidence.

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Wit and Humor.

AN AUCTION SCENE.

Strolling through our city, we chanced into an auction-room to see what bargains we could get. The auctioneer was on the stand with a piece of calico.

"Eight cents a yard," was bid.

"I'll give you ten," says another.

"Going at ten! Going! gone. Yours, madam: walk in and settle."

"I didn't bid on it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"We'll thank persons not to bid if they don't want to settle," said the auctioneer.

"Going, thirty at eight! Who says more than eight?"

"Nine cents," said an old gentleman opposite.

"Nine! nine! Who says ten! Going at nine! Going, gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cents."

"I didn't bid," said the gentleman. I don't want it; I wouldn't give five cents for the whole piece."

(Auctioneer, Getting mad.) "If any one bids again, they will have to take the article, or get into trouble." "Throwing down the piece of calico.) Gives me something else. Who bids? Here, you sir, what do you offer? What can I get for this? Anything you please."

"I'll start it at five."

"Ten," says another.

"Twelve and a half," says a third.

"Thirteen," cries an old lady.

"Fourteen, fifteen," cried several voices.

"Sixteen, I am offered; fifteen, going at fifteen! can't dwell! going! going! gone! Yours, sir. Walk up, walk up."

No one came; all eyes staring in various parts of the room.

"Walk up and fourteen! Yours, sir; walk up here."

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

"Thirteen, then, madam; you can have it at your bid."

"I don't bid. What do you think I want of that article?" said the old lady, indignantly.

"Going at thirteen," cried the auctioneer, in a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned towards the auctioneer, but no claimant stepped forward.

"Who says they'll take it at thirteen?"

"I do," said the old lady, meekly.

"Well, sir, walk up and take it.

"I'm afraid it's stolen goods?" says the fat-faced man.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down, and was about to collar the old man, when a person right behind him cried,

"I'll take a dollar for it."

"Here!"

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog apparently at his heels, with his mouth wide open, barked most furiously. With a sudden spring the animal cleared a little carefully, grasped the bill, and, slapping it on his knee, said, with a triumphant air, as it brandished down one leg for him a crown of glory and no mistake,—

"There I'll no read that book through, every word only this voyage—yes, and, dearest, I'll buy't get more good out on't than I should 'a got out on't if I'd read it here. Or, dear me, to hear that old phaicion (the cap.) make his long prayers."

"Why, Lucy, you are down in a watery cave or cloud, of great density. How like, for example, to the dashing of a cloud, is the spluttering into the air, which the sun occasionally observes in them! Well, if they be clouds, the coming of one into contact with our earth, would probably likely deposit with us an immense addition to our stock of water. It would be instantaneous, or nearly so. Only think of a sudden fall of water sufficient to raise the ocean a hundred feet, and submerge all parts of the land which were less than that height above the present level! Such a thing would come to pass by a fearful abridgement of our continents: all big islands would be made little; and many little islands would be made big. The sea-water would be so swept by the flood, that scarcely any thing living would survive the universal change. All animals and moving things would be engulfed. In a few minutes the whole, chattering, bustling world would be stilled in universal death. What a settlement of t quen. had found under a different dispensation! What a command of silence!

"What was your idea of a desert?" said her husband, laughing: "do tell me, love—

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and murmuring streams, and though rather lonely, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give *dejeuners and fetes champetres*."

Our Picture Gallery.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Asserial. (the Wife of an Editor.)—Well, Edwin, if you can't make the 'change,' you call them, sweet, you need not swear so. It's really quite dreadful."

Miscellaneous.

RICHARD OF THE LION-HEART.

In south a was a glorious day
For verse and for lord
When Cœur de Lion had the crest
In battle and in board.
He was indeed a royal one.
A Prince of Paladins
Hero of tourney and of war,
Of many fray and many fine,
Proud-hearted, and a conqueror
You might have looked from East to West,
And they'd not find his match.
And never found an answer found.
Never an equal.
A rather tone for lady's ear.
A desirer to be for kings.
A crack-gage for arm and spear.
Of a tenser foot in stirrup

A gentleman there was, and a lord's son.
And so was Richard's lord,
And he had followed his master's call
Where'er he set his foot
In falling here, and falling there
And wandering time and more,
With steady look and bitter air
And gathered many a sorrow here.
Half moments, half bodies!
He turned away from land to land
From quarrelling to quelling.
He spent his princely purse to pander
To slave and tinsel to the rich.
That Nobles might be made.
Whene'er that man-trap Richard set.
He held by knight to be found
And burst his rules for laughing!

THE FAIRY WIFE.

A merchant married a Fairy. He was remotely, to outward appearance, and so long, that her heart was constrained towards him, and she gave herself to him. Fairyland accepted the lot of woman.

They were married: they were happy; and the early children glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream.

Before the year was over, he had returned to his affairs: they were important and pressing, and he could not spend more of his time. But every evening as he hastened to his home, she she felt the weariness of absence: more than ever, he delighted in the Fairyland he had won at his feet, and sang to him, and prattled away her complicated wit, to keep him laughing.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and he stayed no longer away from her. All the day, while he was in his counting-house, he could see her seated along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or delving airy grottos which should be the scenes of her spirit. A bright and sunny being, she composed her companions from the flowers around her; she knew not the disease of reflection: she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to love was her delight. Life to her was love, and something more: and he was with regret that she did not comprehend it. The world, for her, was love, and love was the world. Love was the only thing worth cultivation.

She despised, and on her couch of whiteness and delight slighted and scorned his strength of intellectuality, that more resembles in its very depth, would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he would look from his work, and contemplate all his genius in her beauty, but without the luster and warmth of day.

And so he breathed herself away, and left her husband to sit his grief, which he could not share. darkened by the absence of those glories of tenderness which better had fitly irradiated life—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*—*London Leader.*

Mrs. Sherwood and the Boy Bible.—At the time when Mrs. Sherwood had just issued her high theatrical fame, and had acted some of her most successful characters, she was invited to a party at which she was to meet the celebrated Mrs. Montague, who was then in the zenith of her fame as a literary lion, and, consequently, the centre of attraction. Mrs. Sherwood, who was then a young lady, was presented upon her arrival to the great literary lion, and received a most gracious welcome from her. Mrs. Montague was depicted to be the personification of this female coronation. "Pray, my dear," said Mrs. Montague, "what is your name?" "Martha Sherwood, ma'am," was the reply. "Martha Sherwood!" repeated the lion in the most formal manner, "give me leave to ask you whether you are the author of a little work, without duplicity or mental reservation, upon what principle you conduct your dramatic engagements?" "The principle of duty, ma'am," said Mrs. Sherwood, with a curtsey. "Indeed," said the modern Sibyl, fairly astonished, but without hesitation, "I do not know how to answer so learned a reply. In which leaves of the matter, and all I can tell you, is that I always act on *well as I can.*"

Bad Books and Evil Company.—Sir Peter Lely made a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience, that whenever he did so, his pencil took a bad from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

BE FORGIVING.

"Content is he who calmly his spirit, than he who takes a city."

"Come here, sir!" said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate-looking lad by the shoulder. "I don't've been in the water again, sir! Hardly 1 forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No—but—but—when I forbidden it—hey?"

"Yes, sir. I was—"

"No reply, sir!" And the blows fell like hail upon the head and shoulders of the lad, as he said. So long as I stood beside them they proceeded to beat him again, and, when my wife was turned out came the time-honored plummet and had undertaken the task. The next lengthy to Hindostan, and was certainly quite good enough for anything a *farrington* like me could be spoken.

"I am much vilified the mark when I say that a single English lady will consume more sugar in one day do the work of a dozen ryots, reduces and all; and do it much better, too. She was a fine-looking woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples starkingly transparent. Laying her head softly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rain was touched, and the waters gushed forth.

"Dear mother!" said the weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you prepared to the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother, he's a tyrant to you and to me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father!"

"I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words? Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother! It's well, I say; he's well named, 'Hardy,' and a boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth, "and if he ever hurt you, mother, I've been longing off long ago. And there's Nellie, too, poor, sick child! What good can your medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footstep. I say, 'tis brutal, mother!"

"Harry, Harry!" said Mrs. Hardy, sighing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about his neck, "you must not speak so of your father to me, but I never will for what he has made you do. I don't pray for him; at least don't let me hear it!"

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She had seen the storm of anger under the mask of external injustice; so she laid down beside him, and soothed her child, and prayed for him as he petted, in a low, sweet voice, the story of the conciliation. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," was his troubled cry, and he yielded to the holy spell.

"Mother," said Harry, "you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"

There was hearing in the words, and he to Robert Lee's home, that night. It was a heavy hand that shed those bitter tears on the young head.

The passionate father's repentance came too late—came but with the word that his boy was dead.

"He kind to her," said Harry, as his head drooped on his mother's shoulder.

It was a deadly knell indeed! Beside that infant form knelt a father, who had been his murderer; and now, when the last blood of anger had left his cheek, and the last look of wrath and agonies of the good qualities which their good parents always labored to correct in them. In the sunken eyes and pallid face of the mother, he read his work. Thoughtfully he often glanced at his watch, as it seems to me, about such things; for he was a methodical man, and even in the deepest sentiments in life, where would be its tragedy or its comedy, or its tragi-comedy, all so deeply interesting to us?

Well, what I wanted to come to in, that if the parents of all bad boys could be induced to impose to themselves in their final imaginations, were adopted, all will, honest, content, tolerable, and, in the end, happy families. Seriously, the prudence would run some chance of being found out, and the boys would be saved from the many weak reproaches about the moderate vein and anomalies which I have been alluding to.—*Dr. Hodge.*

☞ A lady down-East has sent her son out of Eve's vestibules to prevent her husband from smoking.

For Housekeepers.

Composition Cake.—Two cups of butter, three cups of sugar, five cups of flour, five eggs, one cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two tablespoonsful of brandy, one pound of raisins, half a nutmeg grated. Mix the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the eggs, add to it, then the spice, liquor and saleratus dissolved in the cream, and lastly the flour dissolved. Line your pans with paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

Scotch Loaf.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, two tablespoonsful of brandy, one pound of raisins, half a nutmeg grated. Mix the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the flour, liquor and nutmeg. Line your pans with paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

Scotch Loaf.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, two tablespoonsful of brandy, one pound of raisins, half a nutmeg grated. Mix the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the flour, liquor and nutmeg. Line your pans with paper, and bake in a moderate oven.—*National Cook Book.*

Indian Tom-Toddy.—The following has been furnished us by a very skillful housewife, who is particularly entrusted in the preparation of gastron products—we have tried her directions, and found to whether, and found them most excellent.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Take a pint of Indian meal, scald it with a quart of milk, and let it boil a few minutes, stirring it well to prevent lumps; when cool, add to it one egg, half a gill of molasses, two tablespoonsful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little warm water. Bake in a quick oven.

Gingerbread.—Take one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, two eggs, two teaspoonsful of saleratus, two tablespoonsful of ginger, and flour enough to make it as stiff as can be conveniently stirred with a spoon. Roll out and bake in a quick oven.

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The Olio.

THEY TALK TO ME OF OTHERS.

They talk to me of others
As fair, they say, as thou;
With eye as darkly glorious,
With cheek a gush like bow;
They praise their forms and motions—
"To all is vain to me;
For while they talk of others
I think a-one of thee.

They tell me time is fleeting
And youth will soon be o'er;
They bid me secure the present,
And not the past deplore;
They point me to the future—
"No love is in store for me"
They know me that my spirit
Is locked for eye to-me.

They counsel, counsel more me,
My purpose is my own;
To surrendered eye I must be
I walk the world alone
My inward world is peopled
With thoughts and feeling free,
And life can ne'er be lonely
While I may think of thee.

Boston Transcript.

Hens and Wife or Saturday Night.—Keeping a hen and a hen's house and a family angel is a of a Saturday night. A house, no matter how little, provided it will shut out the rain, no matter how meanly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow; close the doors.

What if they are calico, or plain white, without flounces, and no sash, or any such thing? Let wind come down; hang up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to blow yourself with, for what is needful light glowing coals make; and, in closing, clouding, shedding a sunset through the room; just enough to talk by, not loud, as to the highways; not rapid, as is the burying wood, but softly, whisperingly, with pauses between with a string and a candle, and the thought wilds to fill up.

Then when the sofa round before the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned at that, if so be it is just long enough for two, or my toes and a half, with the toes and a half in.

Under such circumstances, and at such a time, a single kiss is worth a dozen at any other; and settles nearer—kingdom come" than any other point in this world laid down in the "Multiplication Table."

Rural Life.—In cultivated country life, everything leads its aid to awaken the finer sensibilities of our nature. The blood that flows in country are full of health for both soul and body, and for the most refined as well as the most robust. Even the flowers that grow wild within its reach, something on which to foster and earlier in the Spring, to grow more vigorously, to get ripe earlier and before the blight. Even the ants in August, and the mosquitoes in September, are decidedly condemned.

Diseases, Contagious, Old Age and Death.—These are common to vegetables as well as to animals. All are liable to disease, some more, some less, according to circumstances, and to posting causes, and preventive notice. Some vegetables are subject to the same accidents and diseases. The present disease is thought by many to be of that class. One field of potatoes is liable to take the disease from another field. Some potatoes are predisposed to disease, by early planting, old age, by the soil, by peculiarities, unless of changes of weather, worn rains, &c.

Kinds of Insects, Fungi, &c.—The best writers consider the fungi amongst the most the most let a predisposing cause, rendering the plants more liable to the attack of the insect or plant. By many writers, insects are considered as remotely affecting the potato; by others, as having no effect at all. By the latter opinion is not the cause of the rot. It feeds the potato, previously diseased, a fit subject for its operation.

The general conclusion to which the facts as presented in this communication seem to lead us, are,

1. That the disease has a striking resemblance to the cholera, and probably exists in the atmosphere.

2. That it is doubtful whether any specific cure has been, or ever will be discovered;—and,

3. As, in cholera, certain generations are well ascertained, by the application of which, the liability to the disease may be avoided.

4. That by obtaining the soundest seed, by planting in the most favorable soils, and by using the most suitable manures, we may have a good degree of confidence in the continued production of this useful vegetable.

5. That we may conclude, that like the cholera, the potato rot will become less and less formidable from year to year, and eventually subside into a mild state of disease, or disappear, if the facts may be used to such a connection.

The Potato Rot.—Dr. Hodge is an unanimity of opinion, are worthy the especial attention of farmers. They would appear to be founded in reason, and particular reference to the kind of manure used, very much of this disease may be avoided. If facts like the above, well sustained by experiments in all sections of the country, would lead to the belief that the potato rot will, to a great degree, if not entirely disappear.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Potato Disease.—Potatoes should be in little exposed to the air as conveniently not be. Their natural place is under ground. If in such exposure, they should be covered with long grass. Some recommend depositing them in the Water in barrels or other tight vessels; but if kept in a cellar, to preserve them dry, in small quantities, in sand; and to keep them from the frost, they should be covered with straw. Keeping large quantities together is the cause of heating and fermentation, which, being actuated by so rich a matter than to advance their own interests, hastens the vitality of the seed, increases disease. Every person who investigates the subject, must be convinced that this is the true cause of disease. Some of our neighbors have procured good herds, by buying the best marked two. Some have bought of the Ayrshire Farm, from New York and Ohio. The very best marked, and the very best breeds, are not to be had in this section may be distinguished on the eye the application of the rule to the selection of the best calves for raising, will give an abundance of good bows.

Calves.—Calves is equally plain too, on the hall, and breeders are then enabled to proceed understandingly in the selection of animals to breed from. Many keep a calf from each cow, in addition of country, will consumed from 80 to 50 per cent. more than they would consume in calves, if rendered expert of aquatic vegetable value. Guided by the light of this valuable discovery, I have selected from the herds of Mr. Bement, of Delaware, L. P. Morris, New York, and elsewhere, and from the Ayrshire Farm, Andrews and Dickinson, for breeding purposes. Relying on the well known physiological law, that progeny partakes of the nature of both sexes, who correspond in this one respect, how much more likely must the calves, I could to only expect to raise some choice milkers. In due time you shall hear the result of the experiment.

It is my intention to exhibit at the next agricultural exhibition in Baltimore, some well marked heifers and a bull, together with a cross or his for lay, &c., such as is used in every neighborhood, and such as may be had for a trifle, if I believe, is not in general use elsewhere.

Cereal Tribules.—A few weeks since, we heard a gentleman from Mancroock, West Chester county, Pa., speak of the ravages of the wheat midge, and probable way of extirpating the Cultivator, and we have since learned that the same mode of extirpating the thistle at some extent, it should be glad, but when told that it could be done so readily, and at so small cost, he could not believe it. "Let it alone," said he, "and it will choke crops and tall wheat on many a thistle." But how is it to be done?" he inquired. "By cultivating the *Sow-thistle* upon the farm," was the reply. "Sow-thistle!" he had tried it thoroughly, and the thistle refused to grow with the sow-thistle; a single year would eradicate it. "Try it, sir, and you are satisfied."—*New England Farmer.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL REGISTER, BY "ONE OF THE FRATERNITY."

My 1, 2, 3, 19, 17, 5, was a Grecian poet.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, was a Roman poet.
My 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, was a carpenter's tool.
My 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, was a Grecian poet.
My 3, 4, 27, 10, 6, was a North American animal.
My 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, was a fish.
My 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, was a tropical production.
My 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, was a Grecian philosopher.
My 46, 32, 33, 34, 47, was a ceramic vessel.
My 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, was a Grecian poet.
My 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, was a British poet.
My 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, was a Roman poet.
My 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, was a Roman poet.
My 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, was a Roman poet.
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